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LITERATURE.

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NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*The Duchess de la Vallière ; a Play, in Five Acts.* By the Author of  
" Eugene Aram," " The Last Days of Pompeii," " Rienzi," &c.

What man has attained to any considerable degree of superiority over his fellow men who has not made to himself many and bitter enemies? Animosity from those whom we have never injured, and whom we have never known, is at once a proof of the depravity of our nature and of the excellency of the person hated. A more striking example of this could not be adduced than the treatment that Mr. Bulwer has received from a party-disgraced press, and a host of critics remarkable only for the illiberality with which they speak of the works, of others and of the worthlessness of their own. We know not what effect this rancour may have upon the feelings of the high-minded author—irritation at anything so despicable he cannot feel, but he must naturally entertain a sentiment a little stronger than pity for the ingratitude of a part of the public who have been so long clamorous for the regular drama, and when they were presented with a specimen of it, in the classic and poetic form of this tragedy, would not appreciate it; not because they could not, but because their hearts were steeped in malevolent feelings—feelings that ought to have no connexion with literature, and which should have passed harmlessly by the author and the poet, and attacked only the political opponent.

We are speaking now not of what this play really is, but as it appears to be in the eyes of the multitude; and for this we are endeavouring to account; for it cannot be concealed that its success in the theatre has been infinitely inferior to its intrinsic merits. Of the *Duchess de la Vallière* it may be justly said, that its beauty, like that of its heroine, has been fatal to it. With one brilliant exception, it

was wholly misunderstood by the actors, and infamously played. As far as ability in representation is required, there are no third or second-rate characters in this piece; in fact, to do it justice, we believe that it could not have been properly played with the histrionic talent now in London. The only error of Bulwer, in this matter, seems to us to have been, that he was not fully aware of this fact, and that he committed an instrument, too delicate and too perfect, into unskilful hands, who have jangled its strings with their clumsy violence. This play ought to have been published, at least, two years before it was performed; its beauties would then have been duly appreciated, and a slight sense of them might have even reached the green-room. At all events, when the performance did take place, its theatrical existence would no longer have been at the mercy of the factious few who went to witness its performance, only to ensure its defeat. Had the generality of the audience, by this play's previous publication, been imbued with its beauties, they would have put down opposition to it in shouts of indignation; but being in the dark, they were passive; for they observed nothing, on the one hand, but a vapid declamation stifling the most beautiful sentiments, and on the other, small parties of determined opponents, whose persons they did not know, and of whose motives they could not judge.

It is undeniable that the principal part of the audience repair to a theatre for the purpose of obtaining excitement—this they must have, or they are disappointed; but the higher the tone of that excitement, indisputably the greater will be their enjoyment. This enjoyment, then, in the highest degree, they ought to have found at the representation of the *Duchess de la Vallière*, and did not—the reason is obvious. The poet has nobly played his part—the performers, always with one exception, miserably mistook theirs. It is an invidious task to particularise him or her who most failed; it would be superfluous, too, when the whole, always with one exception, was so completely mismanaged; but there was something singularly absurd in the association of ideas in mingling the appearance of the gaunt Vanderhoff with the youthful, graceful, dignified, and debonnaire Louis Quartorze. To make all this appear in a light still more distinct, let us suppose, for a moment, that *Othello* had not been yet produced—that Shakspeare was now alive—that we called him Mister, and that he was a popular Member of Parliament, in the Whig interest. Let us suppose that Mister Shakspeare had committed the fortunes of *Othello* to the strength of the present company of Covent Garden—that this company had never before seen the play—does any one think, for a moment, that, when “*The Times*” and the other Conservative papers had sent their reporters to the house, that when the political opponents of Mr. Shakspeare had mustered so strong, that the representation of *Othello* would have had a greater success than that of the *Duchess de la Vallière*? So much for what this drama appears to be, judged as an acted play, and misjudged by party spirit.

And what is it really? A dramatic effort of the very highest order. How shall we prove this to those who have not read it, or have read it biassed by ungenerous criticism? To the first class we would say, retire to your study, identify no one of the characters with the form

and lineaments of any existing performer. Let the author create the *dramatis personæ* for you, and we feel assured that you will say that this is the finest play, *acting* play, that has appeared for a century. The other class, we would ask to dismiss their prejudices, if they can, and after we have made a few more remarks, to read this play again, and if we have not converted them to our opinion, all we can say is, that our powers of advocacy are inferior to our sense of the manifold beauties of that which we advocate. The charges that are brought against it are principally three:—that it does not act well, that it has no interest sufficiently exciting, and that its tendency is, to throw a false gloss of beauty over immorality. No one denies to it harmony of versification, beauty of imagery, and all the power and graces of composition. The first objection we have answered by showing that the quality of the play was above the quality of the actors, and, therefore, the latter could not convey an adequate impression of it to the audience. As to its want of those striking points, clap-traps we should rather call them, in the best sense, that charge is totally unfounded. This appearance of fault, too, is also chargeable to the performers: read any single portion of this drama of more than five lines, and it will be found to contain some point that will either exalt or astonish, make us triumph in its beauty or move us with its pathos. The jewels are there; let us not deny their existence, because those who ought to have displayed them were too clumsy to do their office gracefully. The charge of the immoral tendency of this drama requires a graver consideration. The accusation is not only false but dishonest. Vice has its elegancies: if the poet paints nature only, he must describe them, and virtue will never be hurt or even shocked at the truth of the description, though hypocrisy may pretend that she is both. Had Mr. Bulwer made the profligacy of the king grossly disgusting, he would have injured truth without benefiting morals; but he is punished in the play even more than history warrants, and we should think that the lecture read to him by Bragelone must have satisfied the most strait-laced. Would the cavillers have been conciliated had the author slain the duchess,—made a French Jane Shore of her? They want something in their notions of retribution that is vulgar, harsh, and tangible. They pause not to reflect, that the long years of the cloister may form an aggregate of misery infinitely more vast than the pangs of sudden death! The character of the heroine is all tenderness, truth, and beauty, with but one error upon it; and dreadfully is that error expiated. Pure, indeed, would be this world, if we were but capable of the vast sacrifices that the Duchess de la Vallière made when she took the veil. All through the drama virtue is made proudly pre-eminent. The hypercritics seem to have forgotten, altogether, that such a character as the Marquis de Bragelone exists in it.

This play opens with a scene between the heroine and her mother, replete with poetical beauty, and in which, with the hand of a consummate artist, the author, lays the foundation of his plot, in a very natural presentiment. The next scene between Vallière and her lover is so excellent, that we shall take the liberty of extracting the whole of it, marking in italics the lines that strike us most.



*Bragelone.* Louise! Louise! this is our parting hour:  
 Me war demands—and thee the court allures.  
 In such an hour, the old romance allowed  
 The maid to soften from her coy reserve,  
 And her true knight, from some kind words, to take  
 Hope's talisman to battle!—Dear Louise!  
 Say, canst thou love me?—

*Mademoiselle de la Vallière.* Sir!—I!—love!—methinks  
 It is a word that—

*Bragelone.* Sounds upon thy lips  
 Like 'land' upon the mariner's, and speaks  
 Of home and rest after a stormy sea.  
 Sweet girl, my youth has passed in camps; and war  
 Hath somewhat scathed my manhood ere my time.  
 Our years are scarce well-mated: the soft spring  
 Is thine, and o'er my summer's waning noon  
 Grave autumn creeps. Thou say'st 'I flatter!'—well,  
 Love taught me first the golden words in which  
 The honest heart still coins its massive ore.  
 But fairer words, from falser lips, will soon  
 Make my plain courtship rude.—Louise! thy sire  
 Betrothed us in thy childhood: I have watched thee  
 Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth  
 Have seemed to hoard my own!—I think of thee,  
 And I am youthful still! The passionate prayer—  
 The wild idolatry—the purple light  
 Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn;—  
 Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth  
 Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee!  
 And yet so well I love, that if thy heart  
 Recoil from mine,—if but one single wish,  
 A shade more timid than the fear which ever  
 Blends trembling twilight with the starry hope  
 Of maiden dreams—would start thee from our union,  
 Speak, and my suit is tongueless!—

*Mademoiselle de la Vallière.* O, my lord!  
 If to believe all France's chivalry  
 Boasts not a nobler champion,—if to feel  
 Proud in your friendship, honoured in your trust,—  
 If this be love, and I have known no other,  
 Why then—

*Bragelone.* Why then, thou lov'st me!

*Mademoiselle de la Vallière (aside.)* Shall I say it?  
 I feel 'twere to deceive him! Is it love?  
 Love!—no, it is not love!—(*Aloud.*) My noble lord,  
 As yet I know not all mine own weak heart;  
 I would not pain thee, yet would not betray.  
 Legend and song have often painted love,  
 And my heart whispers not the love which should be  
 The answer to thine own:—thou hadst best forget me!

*Bragelone.* Forget!

*Mademoiselle de la Vallière.* I am not worthy of thee!

*Bragelone.*

Hold!—

My soul is less heroic than I deemed it.  
 Perchance my passion asks too much from thine,  
 And would forestall the fruit ere yet the blossom  
 Blushes from out the coy and maiden leaves.  
 No! let me love; and say, perchance the time  
 May come when thou wilt bid me not forget thee.



Absence may plead my cause ; it hath some magic ;  
 I fear not contrast with the courtier-herd ;  
 And thou art not Louise if thou art won  
 By a smooth outside and a honeyed tongue.  
 No ! when thou seest these hunters after power,  
 These shadows, minioned to the royal sun,—  
 Proud to the humble, servile to the great,—  
 Perchance thou'lt learn how much one honest heart,  
 That never wronged a friend or shunn'd a foe,—  
 How much the old hereditary knighthood,  
 Faithful to God, to glory, and to love,  
 Outweighs an universe of cringing courtiers !  
 Louise, I ask no more !—I bide my time !

*Re-enter Madame de la Vallière from the chateau.*

*Madame de la Vallière.* The twilight darkens. Art thou now, Alphonso,  
 Convinced her heart is such as thou wouldst have it ?

*Brag.* It is a heavenly tablet—but my name  
 Good angels have not writ there !

*Mad. de la Val.* Nay, as yet,  
 Love wears the mask of friendship : she must love thee.

*Brag. (half incredulously.)* Think'st thou so !

*Mad. de la Val.* Ay, be sure !

*Brag.* I'll think so too.

*(Turns to Mademoiselle la Vallière.)*

Bright lady of my heart !—*(Aside.)* By Heaven ! 'tis true !

*The rose grows richer on her cheek, like hues*

*That in the silence of the virgin dawn,*

*Predict in blushes, light that glads the earth.*

Her mother spoke aright ;—ah, yes, she loves me !

Bright lady of my heart, farewell ! and yet

Again—farewell !

*Madlle de la Val.* Honour and health be with you !

*Mad. de la Val.* Nay, my Louise, when warriors wend to battle,  
 The maid they serve grows half a warrior too ;  
 And does not blush to bind on mailed bosoms  
 The banner of her colours.

*Brag.* Dare I ask it ?

*Madlle. de la Val.* A soldier's child could never blush, my Lord,  
 To belt so brave a breast ;—and yet,—well, wear it.

*(Placing her scarf round Bragelone's hauberk.)*

*Brag.* Ah ! add for thy sake.

*Madlle. de la Val.* For the sake of one  
 Who honours worth, and ne'er since Bayard fell,  
 Have banners flaunted o'er a knight more true  
 To France and Fame ;—

*Brag.* And love ?

*Madlle. de la Val.* Nay, hush, my Lord ;  
 I said not that.

*Brag.* But France and Fame shall say it !  
 Yes, if thou hear'st men speak of Bragelone,  
 If proudest chiefs confess he bore him bravely,  
 Come life, come death, his glory shall be thine,  
 And all the light it borrowed from thine eyes,  
 Shall gild thy name. Ah ! scorn not then to say,  
 'He loved me well !' How well ! God shield and bless thee !

*[Exit Bragelone.]*

All this speaks for itself—we think that there are here points enow, that *may* be felt by the vulgar, but are sure to go home to the feelings of the cultivated. We wish we had space to give the whole scene between Bragelone and Bertrand, a scene that ——— so vilely murdered; the reader could then judge how it would act, though we never wish he may see it as it was acted. Mademoiselle Vallière goes to court, and captivates Louis, and falls, but none of her virtues, save one, fall with her. Bragelone hears evil reports of her, and returns to the precincts of the court, and meeting with Lauzun, this is a part of the spirited scene that ensues.

*Brag.* The lady  
(She is a soldier's child) hath not yet bartered  
Her birthright for ambition? She rejects him?  
Speak! She rejects him?

*Lau.* Humph!

*Brag.* Oh, Duke, I know  
This courtier air—this most significant silence—  
With which your delicate race are wont to lie  
Away all virtue! Shame upon your manhood!  
Speak out, and say Louise la Vallière lives  
To prove to courts—that woman can be honest!

*Lau.* Marquis, you're warm.

*Brag.* You dare not speak!—I knew it!

*Lau.* Dare not?

*Brag.* Oh, yes, you dare, with hints and smiles,  
To darken fame—to ruin the defenceless—  
Blight with a gesture—wither with a sneer!  
Dare I say 'dare not?'—No man dares it better!

*Lau.* My Lord, these words must pass not!

*Brag.* Duke, forgive me!  
I am a rough, stern soldier—taught from youth  
To brave offence, and by the sword alone  
Maintain the licence of my speech. Oh, say—  
Say, but one word!—say this poor maid is sinless,  
And, for her father's sake—(*her father loved me!*)  
I'll kneel to thee for pardon!

*Lau.* Good, my Lord,  
I know not what your interest in this matter:  
'Tis said that Louis loves the fair La Vallière;  
But what of that?—good taste is not a crime!  
'Tis said La Vallière does not hate the King;  
But what of that?—it does but prove her—loyal!  
I know no more. I trust you're satisfied;  
If not——

*Brag.* Thou liest!

*Lau.* Nay, then, draw!

(*They fight—after a few passes, Lauzun is disarmed.*)

*Brag.* There, take  
Thy sword! Alas! each slanderer wears a weapon  
No honest arm can baffle—*this is edgeless.* [Exit *Brag.*

*Lau.* Pleasant! This comes, now, of one's condescending  
To talk with men who cannot understand  
The tone of good society.—Poor fellow! [Exit *Lau.*

This part was beautifully acted by Macready, and it received its

just applauses. Of course, it cannot be expected that we should follow through the plot step by step. Vallière continues virtuous to all but one, but, from the single-mindedness of her character, does not suit the court, whom she will not make her instruments, and who cannot make an instrument of her. The king, also, tires of so much unvarying goodness. Lauzun takes advantage of this position of affairs, and introduces Madame de Montespan, and the reign of Vallière is over. Repentance had before haunted her bosom, but now remorse reigns there, sole tyrant—she flies from the court, and takes the veil. We have no room to advert to the various struggles that this victim has to endure, and the temptations that proved how disinterested was the sole great fault of her life, but we cannot omit the part in which Bragelone, having become a monk, in an austere order, arouses the conscience of his former betrothed.

*Brag.* I do believe thee, daughter. Hear me yet;  
My mission is not ended. When thy mother  
Lay on the bed of death, (she went before  
The sterner heart the same blow broke more slowly,)  
As thus she lay, around the swimming walls  
Her dim eyes wandered, searching, through the shadows,  
*As if the spirit, half-redeemed from clay,*  
*Could force its will to shape, and, from the darkness,*  
*Body a daughter's image—(nay, be still!)*  
Thou wert not there;—alas! thy shame had murdered  
Even the blessed sadness of that duty!  
But o'er that pillow watched a sleepless eye,  
And by that couch moved one untiring step,  
And o'er that suffering rose a ceaseless prayer;  
*And still thy mother's voice, whene'er it called*  
*Upon a daughter—found a son!*

*Duch. de la Vall.* O God!  
Have mercy on me!

*Brag.* Coldly through the lattice,  
Gleamed the slow dawn, and, from their latest sleep,  
*Woke the sad eyes it was not thine to close!*  
And, as they fell upon the haggard brow,  
And the thin hairs—grown grey, but not by Time—  
Of that lone watcher—while upon her heart  
Gushed all the memories of the mighty wrecks  
Thy guilt had made of what were once the shrines  
For Honour, Peace, and God!—that aged woman  
(She was a hero's wife) upraised her voice  
To curse her child!

*Duch. de la Vall.* Go on!—be kind, and kill me!

*Brag.* Than he, whom thoughts of what he *was* to thee  
Had made her son, arrested on her lips  
The awful doom, and, from the earlier past,  
Invoked a tenderer spell—a holier image;  
Painted thy gentle, soft, obedient childhood—  
Thy guileless youth, lone state, and strong temptation;  
Thy very sin the overflow of thoughts  
From wells whose source was innocence; and thus  
Sought, with the sunshine of thy maiden spring,  
To melt the ice that lay upon her heart,  
Till all the mother flowed again!

*Duch. de la Vall.*

And she?—



*Brag.* Spoke only once again! She died—and *blest* thee!

*Duch. de la Vall. (rushing out.)* No more!—I *can* no more!—my heart is breaking!

*Brag.* The angel has not left her!—*if the plumes*  
Have lost the whiteness of their younger glory,  
The wings have still the instinct of the skies,  
And yet shall bear her up!

*Louis (without.)* We need you not, Sir;  
Ourself will seek the Duchess.

*Brag.* The King's voice!  
How my flesh creeps!—my foe, and her destroyer!  
The ruthless, heartless—

(*His hand seeks rapidly and mechanically for his sword-hilt.*)

Why, why!—where's my sword?

O Lord! I do forget myself to dotage:  
The soldier, now, is a poor helpless monk,  
That hath not even curses! Satan, hence!  
Get thee behind me, Tempter!—There, I'm calm.

We shall close our extracts with that exhortation in which Macready seemed to be endued with almost superhuman powers.

*Brag.* Alas! *the Church!* 'Tis true, this garb of serge  
Dares speech that daunts the ermine, and walks free  
Where stout hearts tremble in the triple mail.  
But wherefore?—Lies the virtue in the robe,  
Which the moth eats? or in these senseless beads?  
Or in the name of Priest? The Pharisees  
Had priests that gave their Saviour to the cross!  
No! we have high immunity and sanction,  
That Truth may teach humanity to Power,  
Glide through the dungeon, pierce the armed throng,  
Awaken Luxury on her Sybarite couch,  
And, startling souls that slumber on a throne,  
Bow kings before that priest of priests—THE CONSCIENCE.

*Louis (aside.)* An awful man!—unlike the reverend crew  
Who praise my royal virtues in the pulpit,  
And—ask for bishopricks when church is over!

*Brag.* This makes us sacred. *The profane are they*  
*Honouring the herald while they scorn the mission.*  
The king who serves the church, yet clings to mammon,  
Who fears the pastor, but forgets the flock,  
Who bows before the monitor, and yet  
Will ne'er forego the sin, may sink, when age  
Palsies the lust and deadens the temptation,  
To the priest-ridden, not repentant, dotard,—  
*For pious hopes hail superstitious terrors*  
*And seek some sleek Iscariot of the church,*  
*To sell salvation for the thirty pieces!*

*Louis (aside.)* He speaks as one inspired!

*Brag.* Awake!—awake!  
Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream  
That earth was made for kings—mankind for slaughter—  
Woman for lust—the People for the Palace!  
Dark warnings have gone forth; along the air  
Lingers the crash of the first Charles's throne!  
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty king!  
The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering priests;  
Lo! where the palace rose behold the scaffold—

The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and the Victim!  
 Lord of the silver lilies, canst thou tell  
 If the same fate await not thy descendant!  
 If some meek son of thine imperial line  
 May make no brother to yon headless spectre!  
 And when the sage who saddens o'er the end  
 Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he find  
 The seeds, thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion  
 Sowed in a heartless court and breadless people,  
 Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold,—  
 And the long glare of thy funeral glories  
 Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave!  
 Beware, proud king! the Present cries aloud—  
 A prophet to the Future!—Wake!—beware!

(Exit Bragelone.

We shall close our brief remarks by stating our conviction that this play will hereafter rank next to those of Shakspeare; men may sneer at the mention of that unapproachable name, but let us leave it to the event. Our own conviction is clear, that if we live but seven years more, we shall ourselves smile when we remember that we thought it incumbent on us, as a mere act of justice, to attempt a defence of a play that will be then cited as a production on which malevolence dare no longer pour its poison, and which to praise would be looked upon as futile as to endeavour to “gild refined gold,” or to paint the lily white. We take our leave of this superb production, by expressing our regret that the author did not publish it before he allowed it to be performed.

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*The Economy of Health, or the Stream of Human Life, from the Cradle to the Grave; with Reflections, Moral, Physical, and Philosophical, on the Septennial Phases of Human Existence.* By JAMES JOHNSON, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the King.

The economy of health has long been a fertile topic of investigation—a topic to which physicians have devoted the sum of their active experience and the leisure and study of their ripest years. Each has laboured to benefit posterity by recording some important facts, drawn from the extended sphere of practical observation, and devising them as a philanthropic legacy to his country. But in the gratification of this laudable ambition, absurdity has too often disfigured the excellence of the design; errors have crept into the best digested systems; and crude opinions been exhibited for practical facts. Theories, digested with skill, countenanced by experience, and applauded by contemporaries, have been observed, one after the other, buoyant, for a time, on the breath of public flattery, and then, suddenly obscured by some more plausible doctrine, have retired from the scene of competition. But such is the necessary consequence where progressive advancement into the *arcana* of science brings new facts into view. Becoming wiser by the skill and labours of our predecessors—making the point at which *they* closed their career our own starting point, and continuing the progress upwards, we discover objects far beyond those boundaries which they had regarded as the limits of human knowledge—the *ultima thule* of the art. The stream of knowledge, as it flows onward, flows with a deepening channel, and, like other streams, occasionally throws up in its course some particles of that precious metal—some undiscovered ore, which he who formerly held the crucible, and he who sifted the sand, had vainly laboured to explore. And so it is with medical

science. Accident has occasionally seconded the physician in the solution of those mysterious workings of nature, to which the diligence of mere research could never open the door. But such instances are rare. The best guarantees for the success of a medical philosopher are a clear head, a cool judgment, patient investigation, and a wide field of professional exertion. It is not in the closet, nor in the laboratory, nor in communication with written authorities, but at the bedside of the patient, that he can ever amass that knowledge which is to benefit his country. He must watch the operations of nature with unwearied assiduity. He must guard against the illusions of any favourite theory : he must listen with caution to the opinions of others, and be severe in scrutinizing the evidence of his senses. To the neglect of these, or to the want of a suitable field for their exercise, may be ascribed the erroneous deductions into which so many writers have been drawn, those aphorisms so confidently pronounced and so easily refuted, those elaborate tomes that have been thrown upon the waters in the hope that they would "be found after many days," but which, after floating for a day in the sunshine of public favour, have descended to the "tomb of their predecessors."

It has been the boast of pretenders in all ages, that each possessed some secret panacea—some subtle elixir—by which the limits of human existence could be prolonged—or even extended to an indefinite period. But this absurdity has been long happily abandoned. The reign of alchemy is past, and physicians now limit their ambition to correct that which is vitiated, to prop up the fragile flower of life by skilful culture, to keep the vital springs in healthy action, and to "prolong" existence, not to confer "immortality." With this exalted aim, Dr. Johnson, in the work before us, has performed a most acceptable service to the public. He has laid down a system by which every advocate of rational philosophy may have at his command the only sure means yet vouchsafed to man for the prolongation of life. Like a late distinguished predecessor on the Continent, he writes under the influence of a pure and exalted philanthropy, and, with the precepts of health, inculcates those of a virtuous life. To say that this work is unlike all its predecessors, on the same ground, might be sufficient to engage the reader's curiosity ; but when we state that it is greatly superior to them in all the topics it illustrates, we feel assured that we only anticipate the opinion of every reflecting reader. In the treatment of his subject, Dr. Johnson is never dull or common-place. His style is elevated, fluent, and various, according to the sentiment ; vigorous without study, figurative, and often closing the passage by some happy antithesis. It displays, throughout, a mind rich in poetical imagery, familiar with the best works of antiquity, and stored with a fund of deep and varied erudition. On the moral and social duties of man, he has spoken with that force and feeling which never drop from the pen but where the heart is keenly alive to their importance. With the best precepts of medical *ethics* he has happily blended the purest elements of moral science ; and, while prescribing rules for the preservation of health or the attainment of old age, he has laid down others for the regulation of the heart, for the exaltation of the moral over the material constituents of our nature, and soothed the sense of present frailty by cheering allusions to our future destiny. His philosophy is of the best kind, "pure, and that maketh pure," and such as we can heartily recommend.

Petite hinc juvenes senesque  
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.

To enter into anything like an analysis of this work would far exceed our limits. Its title sufficiently indicates its scope and tendency. To the young it clearly points out how to unite the "safe with the sweet," the buoyancy of life with the blessings of health. Those of mature age will find it a faithful monitor and a safe guide into the vale of years. Whilst



he who already shivers under the blasts of departing autumn, may consult its pages as the friendly oracle from which he may draw many pleasing interpretations to improve his health, to brighten his prospects, and encourage his heart. The practical observations on the different modes of education, as affecting not only the health, but the intellectual advancement of children, are the result of much close and shrewd observation, such as every parent will consult with decided advantage to his offspring. This is justly treated as a subject of infinite importance: it is not sufficiently kept in view that the present generation are the *heirs* of our country, and that its glory or disgrace, its prosperity or decay, depend on the manner in which they shall have been prepared to enter upon that "inheritance." On this subject Dr. Johnson has furnished some admirable suggestions, and exposed the baneful system so generally introduced into the term of fashionable education. Here he points the shafts of wit and ridicule with a true patriotic aim, but they carry a healing influence along with the hurt. He knows how to provoke a smile and yet preserve his own gravity; while his caustic observations often move us to "most serious laughter," they never leave us but in a more reflective mood. To literary men, in particular, the author has furnished a vivid picture of those infirmities to which the sons of genius are too liable by temperament, and too generally exposed by circumstances. In this department, namely, in diseases that originate from an over-exertion of the mental powers, Dr. Johnson has had profound experience, and enters into the subject not only with professional acuteness—the result of long familiarity with the subject—but with fraternal sympathy, which seems to say—

*Non ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco.*

We conclude these observations under the impression that the *Economy of Health* is Dr. Johnson's ablest work—a work which must have cost him many years of deep thought and diligent observation, and which no impartial reader can peruse without bearing voluntary testimony to the admirable system it recommends, the principles it advocates, and the practical lessons of moral as well as medical philosophy with which it abounds. We are not among those who would pronounce a panegyric on any author or his writings without having well considered their merits; and having done so in the present instance, such are the originality of the present work and the great importance of the subject, that, for the welfare of the community, it cannot be too widely diffused. For the author himself, it will assuredly add to his fame as an able writer and an enlightened physician.

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*The Life and Persecutions of Boos; an Evangelical Preacher of the Romish Church.* Chiefly written by himself, and Edited by the Rev. J. GOSNER. Translated from the German, with a Preface, by the Rev. C. BRIDGES, M.A., Vicar of Old Newton.

One would suppose, by this title, that Martin Boos was not the persecuted but the persecutor, and that the Rev. Mr. Bridges had translated his life and the persecutions of which he was guilty, and a preface from the German; while it is really the case, that the preface is the original production of Mr. Bridges himself. For ourselves, we have always been, and ever shall be, the strenuous advocates for the Church of England as by law established—avowing this, we dread the evangelical canker that, under the specious appearance of a blossom of eminent purity, is undermining the bosom in which it has been fostered. The Church of England has more to dread from Evangelism than from any other evil that threatens it. We use the term Evangelism as the watch-word of a bigoted and

blinded sect of purists, not as indicative of that truly Christian principle taught by our Saviour, among which is not the least imperative, the one that bids us be submissive to legal authority. Now we dislike this work because, though produced by a minister of our Church, it breathes a sectarian spirit, and is evidently published to forward sectarian interests. The rock upon which every form of faith has split has always proved to be a lust for secular power—an eternal itching for domination. Even in this organ of dissent there is a strong hankering after the establishment of confessionals—the greatest engine of power that ever was devised to enslave the mind of man. Confession—private, auricular confession—that blot upon popery—is actually sighed after by a party styling themselves evangelical. How true is the remark that extremes are so often near meeting. The more that we reflect upon the subject, the more books that we read from all parties professing various forms of Christianity, the more are we convinced that the greatest chance of peace of mind here and of salvation hereafter is to be found within the pale of the Established Church, never for a moment denying that both may be found in the creeds of CONSCIENTIOUS dissenters. We much fear that the secret reasons for dissent, could they be accurately discovered, would present a sad catalogue of vices, among which pride, ignorance, and hypocrisy, would stand most prominent. But God only can know the heart, and man can only judge of motives by actions; and let history speak out, and she will tell those who appeal to her that the worst factions have ever been raised under the shadow of religious dissent, and that sectarianism has steeped, and probably will again steep, nations in blood, overturned kingdoms and spread devastations through our flourishing lands, and all this ever has been worked, not so much by the depravity of heart of the seceders, as by the advantage taken by knaves of blind and misguided zeal. A little villany will leaven into wickedness a vast mass of enthusiasm. As we wish not to be misunderstood, we repeat that we respect all who suffer for “conscience sake,” and that a conscientious dissenter is as much an object of our veneration as a conscientious churchmen. But the hazard is very great that the dissenter be made a tool of by the designing to work out ends which he never contemplated or could approve of. Feeling thus, we must conclude by saying, that we respect Boos and his biographer, but we do not much think this biography should obtain the public notice.

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*The Cribbage Player's Text Book; being a New and Complete Treatise on the Game in all its Varieties, including the whole of Anthony Pasquin's Scientific Work on Five-Card Cribbage.* By GEORGE WALKER.

Whatever is worth doing, or that there is occasion to do, is worth doing well; and he who shows us how to do it, does more than well himself. There are millions of games of cribbage played yearly; and as the human mind must have relaxation of some sort, or that quiet and gentle excitement which makes relaxation so delightful, cribbage, as a minister to it, must not be despised. The game is peculiarly the solace of old maidenism, and, as such, ought always to be treated with much deference. Mr. Walker has said all on the subject of which the subject will admit. After an attentive perusal, any person of the common-mind intellect, will be a complete master of the game. We can say no more on the subject. It may be a recommendation to this little work to make it known, that it is not only neatly, but elegantly, got up. We are also glad to see the code of laws for cribbage so accurately worded, and so fully laid down.

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; a Romaunt.* By LORD BYRON.

This new edition of the poems of one, whom we think destined to a mortal immortality, is excessively neat and well got up. It is, of course, Mr. Murray's. The portrait that adorns it is of Lord Byron in his juvenility, and in semi-nautical costume. Having seen his lordship but once, when he was at Doctor Glennie's academy, and long before he had taken to boating, we can pronounce no opinion upon the likeness. The plate is nothing like the pale and somewhat sickly boy we beheld, and it is very unlike the many portraits that have been given of him in his maturer years. The vignette that embellishes the title-page is a perfect gem of art. The pencil of Stanfield seems to give inspiration to the engraver. To say one word upon this often-criticised poem would be superfluous. The notes appended to this edition are abundant and amusing. We think that it will become, what it deserves to be, a favourite. The binding, the gilding, and the type, are unexceptionable; the paper might have been better, considering who wrote the book—and who is publishing it.

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*Characteristics: in the Manner of Rochefoucauld's Maxims.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Second Edition, with Introductory Remarks, by the Editor of the "Monthly Repository."

We have always admired the powers of Hazlitt's wayward, but almost gigantic, mind; but these maxims, we must frankly say, evince more the author's spleen than any great insight of the human heart. As mere sentences, they fall very short of the wit and the elegant epigrammatism of the maxims that they profess to imitate. They are caustic and ill-natured—this we could pardon—but the views they give of mankind are not true. The impulses of man, naturally, are almost always good—these he weakens or vitiates by failings or by vices; but for one action of calculation, man does a thousand upon impulse. The generality of the acts, the every-day occupations of the most notorious rascal, are either indifferent, innocent, or even laudable. Yet is he not the less a rogue for the many rogueries that he commits, yet is not *eternally* committing. Now Hazlitt has fallen into the usual error of the concocters of stringent sentences, and written his Maxims upon the exception, and not the rule; they are, therefore, either nugatory, or worse. The sooner this book is forgotten, the better.

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*The English Bijou Almanack.* 1837.

The operation of looking over this minikin production is so painful, that, if we had overlooked it altogether, the illustrious illustrator and the publisher ought not to be surprised. We have tried to read Miss Landon's poetry with spectacles of various senses, and failed, and not having a microscope at hand, we must remain in darkness as to its merits—for merits we feel assured it must have, knowing from whose pen it proceeds. The letter-press is all but invisible, and the days are unaccountably dark, so the leaves are sibyl leaves to us. Being able to see the embellishments more distinctly, we can speak highly in their praise—the likeness of Malibran is excellent. Mr. Schloss should have had printed a larger almanack to accompany this, for the sake of those who would require some use in this unique and very diminutive affair. As a piece of art, it is a curious and very elegant affair.



*Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East. With a Map.*

Over how vast a portion of the earth does the brooding Eagle of Russia cast the shadow of her dark wings! Like the black waters of desolation swelling forth from the north, they spread gradually but inevitably over the fairest regions of the earth. It is the slow advance of semi-barbarism, and yet the spirit of civilisation slumbers on the pedestal of liberty, and even the advancing waters are roaring round her feet, and yet she awakes not. Whence this fatal supineness? Alas! we know too well. Let any one who has but the shadow of a doubt, that territorial aggrandisement, and universal dominion, is the unswerving principles of Russian politics, look at the map that accompanies this excellent and warning work. This nation enters into no war but to increase her dominions, and subscribes to no peace without seeing her boundary lines extended. How will it end? Not by the disintegration of the Russian empire. Let not our imbecile politicians take that flattering unction to their souls. No prospering and increasing empire ever fell to pieces by internal dissensions. It is only after the *ultima thule* is gained—when the energies of the people can no longer be directed and expended outwards, that intestine commotions take place. When Russia has incorporated Turkey in Asia, made a province of the whole of Persia, and received the allegiance of all the native powers of India; then, and not till then, we may expect that she will turn her arms against herself. Any one who wilfully neglects to make himself the master of the contents of this patriotic treatise, we can never hold as a warm lover of his country. It ought to be a sort of text book in the foreign office, and a *vade mecum* with our diplomatists.

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*Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations.*

The world has already been delighted with ten of these singular and humorous papers; and all the characters that they so originally display, are still in high feather, not one of them yet having been found in the least to droop. We are rejoiced to find that Mr. Dickens promises us ten more—may his health and spirits carry him merrily through them. This last number contains some severe hits at matrimonial disarrangements, and the inimitable Sam Weller moralizes upon them in a strain truly philosophical. The merry-making at Christmas is what it ought to be—a making of us merry. The story with which it concludes, that of “The Goblin who stole a Sexton,” contains a very excellent moral, and is well told.

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*Contributions to Modern History, from the British Museum and the State Paper Office. By FREDERICK VON RAUMER. Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots.*

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the laborious research that has produced this very important volume; but we cannot equally commend the spirit in which it is written. Mr. Raumer, as it appears to us, having formerly, with his ultra-Tory principles, held up, in his history of Europe, the character of Queen Elizabeth as the paragon of royalty.

has, in this work, done everything that he can to prejudice and blacken the reputation of Mary Queen of Scots and palliate the atrocious conduct of her rival. Conservatives, as we are, he goes much too far for us. He should remember, when he writes to Englishmen, the loved dynasty that now honours the throne of England, and not talk about the "divine right of sovereignty, far superior to all human influence," and then tell us "that the doctrine has its own eternal foundation." Where is this eternal foundation? Had this right and this foundation been eternal, each country would never have had but one race of kings. But to the more immediate subjects of this work. Mary was a woman, and, we believe, in a moral sense, a vile one. Just the same may be said of Elizabeth; but the latter understood queen-craft and the other did not. In that lies all the difference of their fates; but though both were bad, we hold the Scottish queen to have been infinitely the better. She was less artful, felt more in common with the rest of the world, and, as far as mere manners are considered, was infinitely more amiable. But these false views of the author do not much deteriorate from the value of the work. We take his remarks for just what they are worth. His documents are most valuable. We quote the touching appeal of the sentenced Mary to the implacable Elizabeth.

"As I know you, more than any other, must have at heart the honour or dishonour of your blood, and of a queen, a king's daughter, I beg you, for the honour of Christ, to whose name all powers bow, to permit, after my enemies have glutted their thirst for my innocent blood, that my poor afflicted servants all together may remove my body, to be interred in holy ground with those of my predecessors, which with the queen, my late mother, repose in France. And considering that in Scotland the bodies of the kings, my predecessors, have been insulted, and the churches pulled down and profaned, and that suffering in this country, I cannot have a place with your ancestors, who are also mine; and, besides, according to our religion, we consider it important to be buried in holy ground. And since I have been told that you will not, in any way, force my conscience contrary to my religion, and that you have even granted me a priest, I hope that you will not refuse me this last request; and at least allow a sepulchre to the body when it is separated from the soul, since while united they could never obtain liberty to live in tranquillity, and thereby procuring it to yourself, (*en le vous procurant à vous même.*) I do not, in any way, blame you before God, but may be, after my death, let you see the truth in all things!

"Fearing, as I do, the secret tyranny of some persons, I beg you not to permit the sentence to be executed upon me without your knowledge. Not from fear of the torment, which I am very ready to suffer, but on account of the reports which, in the absence of witnesses above suspicion, might be spread respecting my death, as I know has been done in the case of others of different condition. To avoid which, I desire that my servants shall be spectators and witnesses of my death in the faith of my Saviour, and in obedience to his church; and that all together, removing my body as secretly as you please, they may withdraw without anything being taken from them of what I leave them at my death, which is very little, for their faithful services. A jewel, which I received from you, I will send you with my last words, or rather, if you please, I again request you (in the name of Jesus, in consideration of our consanguinity, for the sake of Henry VII., your ancestor and mine, and for the honour of the dignity which we both hold, and of our common sex) that my petition may be granted. For the rest I think that you will have learnt that my canopy has been taken down in your name, though I was afterwards told that it was not by your commands, but by the direction of some privy counsellors. I praise God for this cruelty, which serves only to exercise malice and to mortify me, after my death has been resolved upon."

*A Disquisition of Government.* By GEORGE RAMSAY, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Every government that has ever existed has always formed itself by the self-adjusting process of the struggles between various interests. It is well to write upon them after they are formed, and the author of this little volume has reasoned upon these matters ably. He seems to think that, in all forms of government, there are the seeds of instability, and that the very best that can exist will always be in a state either of progression or retrogression. He is partly right. There must always be movement, it is the nature of the moral as well as of the physical world. All we have to do is to moderate and regulate that movement, which ought never to be effected by violent organic changes, but by a slow correction of abuses, and a gradual amelioration of institutions. We wish that the knowledge contained in the book before us, unpretending as it is in form and size, were more generally diffused. We are sure that it would disseminate much sounder principles than those which now too generally prevail. Our motto is, Preserve and reform, and reform only to preserve. We dread to see the downhill course, (and, therefore rapid, because downhill,) that democratic spirit is urging on those whom we think are now unfortunately guiding the political car. We feel that we are upon the eve of a mighty struggle, and that, on both sides, the two parties will be involved in extremes that neither of them contemplated:—the one will refuse everything, because too much will be demanded of it, and the other will ask too much, because it will anticipate a refusal.

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*Tales and Sketches by the Ettrick Shepherd, including the "Brownie Bodsbeck," "Winter Evening Tales," "Shepherd's Calendar," &c. &c., and several Pieces not before Printed; with Illustrative Engravings chiefly from real Scenes,* by D. O. HILL, Esq. S.A.

We presume that the volumes containing these tales are to make their appearance from time to time, having received only the first. We are of opinion, that the public will feel grateful for them, for Mr. Hogg, for a long time, held a very high place in its estimation. There was always the charm of truth and simplicity in everything that he wrote, and much humour often, with a degree of *naïveté* that added a zest to his natural quaintness. The tales that are now offered to the public bring with them the recommendation of very lofty observation, for they were partially corrected by Sir Walter Scott. There are four in this first volume: "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," "The Wool Gatherer," "The Surpassing Adventures of Allan Gordon," "A Tale of Pentland and Ewen M'Gabbar," forming altogether a very high treat.

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*The Library of Fiction, or the Family Story Teller, consisting of Original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character, written expressly for this work, by eminent authors.*

This pleasing periodical, twin-brother to the Pickwickian Papers, commenced the year with a grace and a vigour, that emulate the popularity of his senior—for even with twins there must be a precedence. Though the Library of Fiction yields the *pas* to his brother, he treads so closely



on the steps of his popularity, that they may well seem to be marching abreast. This number boasts of a most delightful tale, by Mr. Jerrold, called the "Preacher Parrot; or, the Trials of Truth;" a tale that Marmontel would have been proud to own, and which ought immediately to be incorporated into the classics of our language. "The One Witness," though of a class not much to our taste, is exceedingly well told. "The Rival Colours," by Mr. Alexander Campbell, laughs us into a most admirable moral, and is quite a hit of its class. More variety, or more amusement for the number of pages, we feel assured no other work contains. We wonder not, therefore, at its great prosperity.

*The Comic Annual.* By T. Hood, Esq., for 1837.

Whatever effect years may have upon his body, as yet—(oh, that as yet!)—as yet, time has improved his mind. It has certainly deepened its tone, and imparted to it a steadier lustre; it does not flash so outrageously, but uniformly it gives forth a stronger, and withal a pleasanter light. The punster is disappearing in the man of genuine wit, and we hail the change with pleasure. The world must benefit by this greatly, and so, we trust, in a pecuniary view, will the highly talented author. Formerly, we must confess, though we laughed, and applauded while we laughed, that we felt he was misusing his great powers when he seized hold of an unfortunate word, and treated it as little wicked boys do cockchafers, torturing it to show it in all manner of ridiculous shapes. We will speak of the graphical part first. All the cuts are smile-provoking, some from the excess of their absurdity, others from their intrinsic wit. The plate that elicits from the Yankee the expression of "Tarnation, if he ar'nt left his shadow behind," is a rich stroke of humour. Alone, it ought to sell the book. Its literature opens with a well-told tale, nearly innocent of punning, called the "Fatal Bath," into which, notwithstanding its appalling title, the reader will plunge with pleasure. "Spanish Pride" is a fine satire upon a very general failing. Indeed, all its written articles are good, and we must conclude our commendations by the following extract.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED 3 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!  
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—  
Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
With spirits feather-light,  
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—  
(Good heav'ns! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!  
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;  
 Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,  
     In harmless sport and mirth,  
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)  
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
 From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,  
     Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,  
 (Another tumble!—that's his precious nose !)

Thy father's pride and hope !  
 (He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)  
 With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—  
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)  
     Thou young domestic dove !  
 (He 'll have that jug off, with another shove !)  
     Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest !  
     (Are those torn clothes his best ?)  
     Little epitome of man !  
 (He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan ?)  
 Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—  
     (He 's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
     Play on, play on,  
     My elfin John !  
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
     With many a lamb-like frisk,  
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose ?  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)  
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—  
     (I'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

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*The Church of England Quarterly Review, Jan. 1837.*

We have often felt surprised that a publication of this description has not before appeared. It has long been most imperatively called for, if not by those to whom we naturally look as the guardians of our holy religion at least by the interests of humanity all over the world, and to ensure the ultimate triumph of sound religious views, and an elevated yet practical piety. This champion of the church has started into existence in all the maturity of wisdom, and in great power. We trust that it will find the support that it deserves. Everything mortal, however great and virtuous, and talented it may be, cannot stand without assistance. The principles that the *Church of England Quarterly Review* advocates, and the cause that it undertakes, have in them apparently all that is requisite to ensure success ; but through the selfishness or the apathy of those to whom these principles and this cause must be of vital importance, the struggle may be long, for the advocates, and the delay dis-

astrous. The best seed will be wasted if it be cast upon an ungrateful soil. Every conservative, as well as every community of the Established Church should patronise this Review—should? we are sorry that a word so injurious to them should have escaped us—we will entertain no doubt but that they will. It is not quite *en règle* for one periodical to speak of another, but we think this a case in which we ought to depart from our rule. Every article in the first number displays learning, great power of composition, and reason never appeared to better advantage than in the pages in which it is made so eloquently the expositor of truth. We request particular attention to the energetic notice of “Lord Brougham’s Discourse on Natural Theology.” It is a fine specimen of error confuted, and sophistry unveiled. We trust that the Church of England Review will become one of the permanent pillars of our literature.

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*Conversations on Nature and Art.*

For extent of information, intrinsic value, and concentrated knowledge, this work has never been surpassed. If we were inclined to cavil at it, we might say that it was “o’er informed,” and that the means were too powerful for the ends—that it contained supererogatory excellence. The book is dedicated to the imparting of general and important facts, to the minds of the youth of both sexes. The machinery employed is at once simple and efficient. Two neglected children are thrown into the society of two well-educated ones and their aunt, and in the conversations that arise between these parties, the lessons are skilfully and most pleasantly conveyed. To say that they embrace sketches on all subjects would be a trifling exaggeration; but upon almost all conversable subjects, would be strictly true. Any adult, however wise, or travelled, or well-informed he might be, who could converse up to all the matters contained in this book, would be a miracle of a conversationist. It treats of the Aldini, Cosmography, the Library of Ptolemy Philadelphus, Discovery of MSS., Palimpsests, the Pandects of Justinian, the Treaty of Tolentino, Haroun Al Raschid, Al Mamoun, Sir William Jones, &c., &c.; all in the first chapter. These numerous heads are not heavily discussed, but anecdotes are related concerning them, which bear upon the subject meant to be illustrated in the chapter, a sketch of the history of printing and libraries. The following extract, which is curious in itself, will give some idea of the manner in which this work is executed.

The following afternoon the conversation was resumed.

Mrs. F.—In order that I may be able to give you a more detailed account of the various modes and materials employed for transmitting knowledge before the discovery of printing, I have brought down some notes which I made upon the subject many years since; but, before we leave the subject of Manuscripts, I must tell you something of the papyri discovered at Herculaneum.

Henrietta.—Thank you, Aunt; I should so much like to know all about the Herculaneum and Pompeii MSS.

Mrs. F.—Not Pompeii, Henrietta, for those which were found in that city fall into powder as soon as touched. Those of Herculaneum alone are in a state to be unrolled, and the difficulty and delicacy of the undertaking render it a most laborious and ingenious operation.

Esther.—Where were these papyri found?

Mrs. F.—In prosecuting the excavations at Herculaneum, the workmen came in 1753 to a small room which had presses all round it, and one in the centre, containing books on both sides, but the wood of the press was so completely carbonised that it fell into pieces when touched.

Esther.—How did they know they were books?



*Mrs. F.*—The order in which they were found, carefully arranged one over the other, was the only circumstance which excited attention, and convinced the workmen that they could not be wood or cinders. Upon closer examination characters were discovered upon them, which the learned immediately occupied themselves in endeavouring to decipher.

*Henrietta.*—Were there none in any other parts of the city?

*Mrs. F.*—Probably there may have been many lost to us, but as they were in a mass with rubbish, lava, &c., they could not be recognised; for you must recollect that the excavations of Herculaneum are about 100 palmi under ground: indeed the accumulated mass of lava and ashes has buried the city at depths from 70 to 112 feet, and so completely filled up the town, that all the work is carried on with pick-axes. It is to this room (which was in a country house) not being entirely choked up, that we owe the fortunate circumstance of their preservation. A few more were found in the portico of the same house, preserved in little portable boxes, and some others in another room in the same habitation; making together 1756 manuscripts, all written upon papyrus. Various were the means employed to unroll them: some were cut into two longitudinally, by which a small portion of the characters was rendered visible: in short, they were subjected to all kinds of attempts, until Father Piaggio discovered the present manner of unrolling them.

*Henrietta.*—What is it?

*Mrs. F.*—The papyrus is laid upon cotton, supported by a piece of pasteboard, which lies upon two semicircular pieces of metal. The workman begins by glueing small pieces of goldbeater's skin upon the back of the papyrus until the whole of the exterior of the roll is covered. He then attaches three threads to the end of the goldbeater's skin, and suspending them to the top of the frame, proceeds with the point of a needle, to detach from the roll two or three lines of the end of the papyrus, which has been made of a tolerable consistency by the addition of the goldbeater's skin. As soon as these lines are unrolled, the same operation of applying the goldbeater's skin is repeated, until, by the greatest patience and diligence, the whole MS. is gradually unrolled. Here is a little sketch of the machine, (which is placed in a kind of frame,) which will perhaps better enable you to understand the process.

*Henrietta.*—But then, Aunt, they can only read one side of the page.

*Mrs. F.*—Fortunately, the Manuscripts are generally only written upon one side of the papyrus, otherwise the operation would be impossible. There is, however, one papyrus which is written on both sides. It would appear to be an original MS.; and the author having filled the end of his volume before he had arrived at the conclusion of his subject, has written three pages on the other side of the papyrus. I also saw, in the Ambrosian library at Milan, a Josephus in papyrus, which is said to be of the fourth century, and is also written upon both sides of the paper.

*Esther.*—How did the ancients arrange their books? because it must have been very difficult to distinguish one from another, among so many rolls?

*Mrs. F.*—Those found in the kind of press or bookcase which I have described, were arranged horizontally along the shelves. Their titles were either written on the end of the papyrus or upon a piece of papyrus paper fastened to the middle of the papyrus, as described in the plate. Some papyri were found tied up in bundles; others in double rows, as if the last reader had left them open where he left off reading; and some in a box, as I have before mentioned, that they might be carried about in safety. From the blank paper which is often found round the papyri, it would appear that each volume had a sheet of blank paper rolled round it, in order to protect the fragile material of which it was composed. The marks of the lines ruled for the guide of the copyist are still visible; and the ancients appear to have had their large paper copies of their works, as well as the moderns. The size of the Greek MSS. is generally smaller than the Latin; the former being from 8 to 12 inches, the latter from 12 to 16, broad. Some are 110 pages long, others upwards of 62 feet (75 palmi) by measurement. This is an engraving shaded so as to give an idea of the state of the MSS. when unrolled.

*Henrietta.* What a ragged, torn looking thing.

*Mrs. F.*—True; but when you take into consideration the difficulty of the task, it is wonderful that the unrolling is ever effected at all. If the glue be put on in too large quantities, it will probably remove a portion of the next layer of the papyrus; a breath of air will carry away all these pulverized particles, and dust is so fatal, that one Manuscript having become covered with dust, it took a whole year to remove it.

*Esther.*—Then, what is done with those that are unrolled to prevent such an accident?

*Mrs. F.*—They are put into frames with glasses over them, and are eventually hung up in the Museum. One has been left in its whole length in order to give an idea of the original form and extent of the MSS.; but this system has not been followed, it being found more convenient for the draughtsmen and interpreters, to divide the papyrus into several fragments, as they require to turn the page in different lights in order the better to decipher the characters. The manuscript is first passed to the draughtsman, who copies the characters with the greatest exactness, so as to render it a complete facsimile of the original; his copy is then submitted to the inspection of the interpreters, who having approved of it, pass it to the engraver; he, having engraved it, returns it to the interpreters, who then publish it in their learned and elaborate work. Here is a little specimen, which, although you do not understand Greek, will show you the method of proceeding.

*Henrietta.*—How many manuscripts are unrolled?

*Mrs. F.*—Of the 1756 papyri found at Herculaneum, 210 have been entirely and usefully unrolled; 127 have been partly opened; but the work has been suspended from finding them illegible; and 205 could not be unrolled because they were not sufficiently compact to bear the application of the goldbeater's skin; 27 have been presented by the government to England and France; 23 have been used for the purposes of experiment; and 1164 remain untouched: so they may yet contain much that is valuable and interesting.

*Frederick.*—What are the subjects of those which have been unrolled?

*Mrs. F.*—This library was found in what appears to have been the country-house of an Epicurean philosopher, and the works which have been as yet deciphered are naturally those of his school: all, I believe, are writings which were before unknown to the moderns; and when we reflect upon the number yet to be unrolled, we may hope that great riches are still concealed in this unique collection. Whatever may be, however, the intrinsic value of the writings already published, they may yet serve to elucidate others of greater interest; and therefore, the plan which the Academy adopt, of publishing every fragment which they unroll, is the most prudent, the most useful, and the most likely to lead to beneficial results.

The reading and the research thus employed for the instruction of the young must have been very great, and the extract will prove how carefully the author has avoided all redundancy of language, and every paltry affectation of style that might tend, by a false lustre, to weaken the image that she meant to convey to the juvenile mind. If we might presume to find a fault, we should say that the learning is diffused over the dialogue too generally, giving the conversations something of a stiff air. The accomplished aunt, of course, enacts the oracle, and enacts it, as we have before shown, excellently, but we could have wished that the children had been a very little less pedantic, and a good deal more *naïve* in their questions and remarks. Thus, after a remark of the instructress, that "sound is reflected in the same manner as light," one of the children replies with a Solon-like wisdom, and Spartan severity of speech, "The angle of reflection being equal to the angle of incidence." But this, if a defect at all, is one so trifling, that we should not have noticed it but for two reasons; the first, to prove that our general strain of eulogy was the effect of the deserts of the volume, and that we read it with a view to discover its faults also; and secondly, that in the next edition, the author may convey these sagacious remarks from the right mouths, for what is graceful as well as admirable from the lips of the adult, will often bear a little the air of a solemn comicality, when expressed by infancy. To conclude, we must recommend the introduction of this volume in every place that is the resort of youth, whether it be in families, or public or private schools. That the author can elevate her didactic language into eloquence, and that, an eloquence informed by genuine piety, the remarks on the Jews with which we shall conclude, will prove most satisfactorily.

*Esther.*—I always feel the deepest interest in reading about the Jews.

*Mrs. F.*—And so we ought. Moses, indeed was permitted to look in the glass of ages when he foretold so minutely what has happened to this people for now above 3200 years,—the destruction of their city and their temple—their country ravaged—their themselves falling before the sword, the famine, and the pestilence—dispirited, persecuted, enslaved—driven from their own land, “dispersed among all nations, left to the mercy of a world that everywhere hated and oppressed them—shattered in pieces like the wreck of a vessel in a mighty storm—scattered over the earth, like fragments on the waters, and, instead of disappearing or mingling with the nations, remaining a perfectly distinct people, in every kingdom the same, retaining similar habits and customs in every part of the globe—meeting everywhere the same insult, mockery, and oppression—finding no resting-place without an enemy soon to dispossess them—multiplying amidst all their miseries—surviving their enemies—beholding, unchanged, the extinction of many nations, and the convulsions of all—robbed of their silver and of their gold, though cleaving to the love of them still, as the stumbling-block of their iniquity—often bereaved of their very children—disjoined and disorganised, but uniform and unaltered—ever bruised, but never broken—weak, fearful, sorrowful, and afflicted—often driven to madness at the spectacle of their own misery—taken up in the lips of the talkers—the taunt and hissing, and infamy of all people, and continuing ever, what they are to this day, the sole proverb common to the whole world.” Such a chain of prophecy already fulfilled, we may look to the completion of all; how far the agency of man is bringing about the designs of the Almighty, we can neither see nor determine—but the growing importance of this outcast race is daily increasing. The time for their persecution is past—their civil disabilities are gradually being removed. Inheriting the “riches of the Gentiles,” the influence which they extend by their “silver and gold” may be an instrument towards their restoration. We cannot tell how far the use of human means may be continued to be employed in working out the fulfilment of prophecy. It is not for mortal men to determine the counsels of God; but we may rest assured that the promise made to Abraham will be fulfilled, and that succeeding ages will see “the outcasts of Israel gathered together from the four corners of the earth,” and brought into the land which their fathers possessed. Then shall they be “raised up as an ensign among the nations”—their “wastes shall be builded”—their cities inhabited—they shall be no more a reproach among the people—they shall be planted in their own land, and shall repair the “desolations of many generations.”

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*Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.*

*A Visit to London; or, the Stranger's Guide to every Interesting Object in the Metropolis and its Environs; Theatres, Exhibitions, and all other Public Amusements, alphabetically arranged. To which is added, Hackney Coach and Cabriolet Fares, and a variety of Information useful to Strangers.* By FRANCIS COGHLAN, Author of several “Guides,” &c.—This is very good so far as it goes, but far from being complete. The subjects undertaken in the title-page would occupy, if properly treated, another volume quite as large as the one before us.

*Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts.*—This quaint little work gives a promise that is excellently redeemed. The tales are just what they should be: the illustrative cuts are very superior.

*Rhymes for Youthful Historians, designed to assist the Memory to the most Important Dates in English History, &c.*—This little affair has reached a fourth edition;—that is surely saying enough for it.

*Twenty-one Views in Bridport and its Neighbourhood.*—Hardly worth commenting on.

*Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanack and National Repository for the Year 1837.*—Were this excellent almanack in general use on the



south of the Tweed we should be profuse in our commendations of it. The Scotch may think themselves happy in possessing it.

*Contrast; or the History of a Day.* By WILLIAM ANDERSON, Esq. With Illustrations by E. LANDELLS.—A very virtuous and piety-inculcating tale for children.

*The Naked Truth; or, one Day's Advice to Landlords, Tenants, Operatives, and all who Think.*—There is truth in this little work; but if it contained the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we would awaken all our energies to make it popular.

*An Outline of English Grammar, for the Use of Schools.*—There are no new features in this elementary work—its recommendations are cheapness, and fulness of matter.

*A Letter to the Right Honourable Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart., M.P., President of the India Board, on Steam Navigation with India, and suggesting the best Mode of carrying it into Effect, viâ India.* By Captain JAMES BARBER, H.C.S.—There can be no doubt upon the subject that the author urges so forcibly. He may depend upon it, that, because what he recommends it is advisable to do, he will never live to see it done.

*The Holy Wells of Ireland, containing an Authentic Account of those various places of Pilgrimage and Penance, which are still annually visited by Thousands of the Roman Catholic Peasantry; with a Minute Description of the Patterns and Stations periodically held in various Districts of Ireland.* By PHILIP HARDY, M.R.I.A., &c. &c.—This small work is well worthy the serious attentions of all who have any regard for the tranquillity of Ireland, or who have a feeling for the general interests of humanity.

*"Leisure Hours," and "Songs for all Seasons."*—Two very little works, containing much very good poetry.

*Journal of a Tour to Moscow, in the Summer of 1836.* By the Rev. R. B. PAUL, M.A., &c.—A very clear, though unpretending work, which we heartily recommend to all who are curious about Russia and its capital, and of which we regret that we have not space to make a more lengthened notice.

*The Young Churchman Armed. A Catechism for Junior Members of the Church of England.* By the Rev. THEOPHILUS BIDDULPH, A.M., &c. &c. Second Edition.—Necessary to more than the junior members of our established church. We thank Mr. Biddulph for producing this sensible and very useful little work.

*Floral Sketches, Fables, and other Poems.* By AGNES STRICKLAND.—This, we presume, is meant for a child's book; if so, children are now served with much better fare than adults—this little work is creditable not only to the author, but the age we live in. The woodcuts are most excellent. Parents and guardians should make haste to purchase it. It will be a species of injustice to deny this work to any child whose natural protectors can afford to procure it.

*Songs and Lyrical Poems.* By ROBERT STORY.—We rarely notice second editions. The fact of the public having called for another impression, is a testimony, if not so honourable as a favourable review, much more profitable. These efforts deserve the success they appear to have gained.

*Home, its Joys and Sorrows; a Domestic Tale*—This is also a second edition, first published under the title of "The Sailor's Bride." A moral, and an affecting story.

*Poems.* By M'DONALD CLARK.—Of this volume of poems we admire a little, dislike much, and the greater part we cannot understand. We therefore shall dismiss them to the judgment of more competent persons than ourselves.

*New London Magazine ; a Monthly Journal of Literature.*—This is a production very creditable to the young persons, tyros in literature, from whom it has emanated. Some of the writers that now contribute to it, will one day graduate in the loftier walks of literature.

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### LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's new work, entitled "*ATHENS, ITS RISE AND FALL, WITH VIEWS OF THE ARTS, LITERATURE, AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE ATHENIAN PEOPLE*," is to be published on the 20th of February. We anticipate much pleasure from the perusal of this important work from the pen of the distinguished Author of "*Rienzi*."

Mrs. Shelley's new novel of "*FAULKNER*," has just appeared. We have only had time to take a hasty glance of it, but from what we have seen, we are satisfied that it bears the stamp of genius and originality, which will ensure it a welcome reception from the reading world.

Lady Blessington's new work, "*THE VICTIMS OF SOCIETY*," will, it is understood, be one of the most striking and extraordinary productions that has for many years appeared, containing a complete picture of aristocratic society. Such an exposition from the pen of her ladyship cannot fail to be looked for with intense expectation. It is to appear about the middle of the month.

Miss Boyle's new work, "*THE STATE PRISONER*," of which our readers may remember the author of "*Richelieu*," made such honourable mention in his late work, "*The Desultory Man*," is to be published on the 10th.

The second volume of Captain Marryat's *Novels*, the *Illustrated Edition*, with the etchings by Buss, which are admirably imagined, is delivered with the *Magazines*.

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's new work, entitled "*IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY*," and other Poems, is now ready.

The author of "*Almack's Revisited*," has nearly completed his new work, entitled, "*THE MARRIED UNMARRIED*."

Mr. Wing's interesting book on the *Factory System* is now published.

*Conspectus of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis of 1836*. By Dr. Castle.

The Fourth and last Volume of the *Fauna Boreali Americana*, containing the *Insects*. By the Rev. W. Kirby, F.R.S., &c.

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With numerous illustrations, *Temples, Ancient and Modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture; comprising the Principles which should guide us in the Erection of Churches*. By W. Bondwell, Architect.

*Sermons preached at Hodnet*, by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., author of the "*Records of a Good Man's Life*."

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*Poems; Original and Translated*. By Charles Percy Wyatt, B.A.



## FINE ARTS.

*Engravings from the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Under the Especial Patronage of his Majesty.*

The third part of this truly national work has now reached the public inspection, and no production could bear it better, or hope to come out more triumphantly from the most minute scrutiny. It is as astonishing that mere gradations of black and white could produce an effect so brilliant, and, at the same time, so true to the great originals from whom they are derived. The first portrait of this number is that of his Grace the Archbishop of York. The whole of the plate is beautifully managed, and the distribution of the light and shade admirable. The attitude is dignified, and the likeness good, but the transparency of the lawn is admirable. The portrait of Lady Peel is a gem—a perfect gem. We can hardly trust ourselves to speak of it, lest our praise should appear exaggeration. The countenance is an impersonation of intellect of the highest order. The portrait of the Earl of Hardwicke is a fine specimen of the arts; but has not all those mental associations to recommend it that the others possess. The face is full of thought as of years, though its expression can hardly be called pleasing. The drapery is inimitably managed.

## THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—In the retirement of Mr. Charles Kemble from the stage, the English drama, in its present condition, has suffered an irreparable loss. Mr. Kemble's separation from a profession which he loved and adorned, was, we are sure, as painful to the theatrical public, (we persist in using this phrase in spite of Mr. Hartley Coleridge's denunciations against it,) as it could possibly be to himself. There is a degree of intimacy existing between the public and an eminent actor, which is unknown to other popular characters; his health, his person, his habits, are all of importance to thousands of persons, who are exactly as familiar with him, as he is ignorant of them. They participate in his triumphs and his success—they grieve over his failures—they interest themselves in his private character—and should he in private life outrage morality or decency, they reprove his excesses. Play-going people are also in the habit of becoming patrons of particular actors, and applaud every effort of their favourite, whether successful or not. Each eminent performer has a body of adherents able to put down any opposition, who visit the theatres for the sole purpose of seeing him perform, and have eyes and ears for him alone. Mr. Kemble, in this particular, had perhaps the most enlightened and worthy admirers ever possessed by any actor on the stage; the old admired him from bygone recollections, while the mature appreciated his exquisite realisation of a class of characters for some time, at least, banished from the stage. The Benedicts, Mercutios, Faulconbridges, and Petruchios of Shakspeare have been driven from the stage by Mr. Kemble's retirement. Many of Mr. Kemble's most ardent admirers rested his claims to admiration on his being a gentlemanly actor:—there is great injustice in this remark. Mr. Kemble was not what is correctly considered a gentleman on the stage; he was something much greater. Of all actors in our times Mr. Macready possesses most of the air and manners of a gentleman; he exhibits a cool, quiet, and confident self-possession, accompanied by a perfectly unconstrained and graceful style of expression; poor Kean had none at all, but then his parts seldom required them, and he could afford to do without them. Mr. Young was undoubtedly a gentleman, but there was an appearance of conceit and affectation about him which was displeasing. He always seemed to *feel* himself so much a gentleman that he need not care to trouble himself about it, and in consequence his gentility sat loosely about him.

Mr. C. Kemble's gentility was very different from any of these actors; he assumed the tone and style of good society, but always accompanied it with an air of proud consciousness, as if he were above it. His proper sphere was the region of romance and poetry, and when playing a part that required the gentleman to be acted, he

laboured under a sense of self-degradation, as if he was making an unworthy descent. Now, although this acquirement is not of the highest value in an actor, yet were it more prevalent on the stage, it would, sooner than anything else, contribute to raise the profession to that rank in public estimation, which it might and ought to hold. We sincerely regret this excellent actor's retirement from the stage, and doubt not that his name, and fame will ever be attached to the recollections of that stage, which owes so much to his family.

*The Duchess de la Vallière.*—The expectation of the public, after a month's judicious delay, has at length been gratified by the production of Mr. Bulwer's play. After a most patient and attentive hearing, by as judicious an audience as we ever recollect, the play was successful. On its merits as a literary production, we shall not enter, but confine our remarks to the performance. The cast of the play contained several most eminent names, but was nevertheless far from a good one; the fair and beautiful duchess is represented by Miss Faucit, who, although she doubtless is a clever young lady, is by no means suited by nature for the character: the duchess had light hair, her representative has dark; the charming La Vallière had bright and sparkling eyes, Miss Faucit's are dull and heavy: but we will not pursue the difference in person between the reality and its representative. Now, although personal likeness is not necessary, where the character itself is realised to the life, yet where such is not the case, the defects in this respect are disagreeably obvious. In this predicament is Miss Faucit, whose dresses are almost the only effective parts of her performance, as the heroine of Mr. Bulwer's play. We are not at all surprised at her failure in this character, as it must be an extremely repugnant portrait for any sensitive female to portray.

Mr. W. Farren, the worthy and excellent representative of Lord Ogleby and Sir Peter Teazle, assumed the character of the courtly and intriguing Duke de Lauzun, and seemed to have great difficulty in properly bestowing his legs; the courtier had the appearance of an eves-dropper in his hands; and the minister of the grand monarch dwindled down to a buffoon. We venture to assert that out of the entire company of Covent Garden theatre, a worse representative of this interesting part could not have been chosen than Mr. Farren, whose general excellencies as an actor need no confirmation from us. The gay and voluptuous Louis XIV., in the heyday of his youth and the height of his power, was assigned to Mr. Vandenhoff, who is the very antipodes of grace and ease. If any of our mercurial neighbours, the French, witnessed the performance of Mr. Vandenhoff, they must have conceived it to have been meant as a satire. The only punishment we can devise for Mr. Vandenhoff's performance, is to oblige him to represent the character three nights at the Theatre Français in Paris. Mr. Vandenhoff has raised himself a high reputation in London; but a succession of such misrepresentations as his Louis XIV. would undermine that of the greatest actor. Every failure in a performer produces an unfavourable impression on the public mind, which is extremely difficult to remove, and not easily forgotten. Mr. Macready, as the gallant Bragelone, did his utmost to redeem the fault and deficiency of his brother actors, and succeeded as far as it was possible; indeed we cannot help attributing, in a great degree, the success of the play itself, to the admirable performance of Mr. Macready. He had evidently taken great pains in the study of his part, and played it perfectly *con amore*. It was a noble and complete piece of acting, full of high passion, deep and delicate pathos, intense energy, and the whole rounded off by a finished taste and discrimination. Virtue, in the representations of Mr. Macready, becomes more lovely; it beams through and glows with exultation in every line of his face, it throws a glorious brightness over his countenance delightful to behold. Nothing could be conceived with greater truth, and executed with greater force, than the scene between Bragelone, on his hasty visit to court, and the Duke de Lauzun. But his highest and most successful was reserved for his interview, as a Monk, with the Duchess, and his description of the death-bed of her mother. Here it was impossible to exceed the vividness and the intense feeling of the picture throughout, and accordingly we have seldom seen anything, even by Mr. Macready, more affecting and impressive. The manager deserves great praise for the taste and spirit displayed in the scenery, dresses, and decorations of this play; and we candidly confess, that with the exception of Mr. W. Farren, he cast the characters as well as the state of his company, excellent in many respects, would permit him.

Another novelty, entitled *The Country Squire*, has been produced at this theatre. Without the least pretensions to plot or originality of conception, it is one of the most agreeable and instructive little pieces we have lately seen, and was admirably

supported by Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover. The sentiments are homely, but excellent, and the style epigrammatic. It is just such a drama as some years ago the now Rev. George Croly would have delighted the town with. It is from the pen of Mr. C. Dance, and was, as it deserved, completely successful, and we doubt not will have a considerable run.

The amusements of this theatre are in every respect unexceptionable, and worthy of public encouragement. One or two female additions to the manager's corps, would enable him to complete the range of the legitimate drama by performing genteel comedy. The only fault to be found with the general management (in common with other houses) is the lateness of the hour before the termination of the performances; it is true, that those who dislike the hours, or are tired, may go away, but that which people pay the full price for they ought to see entire in a reasonable space of time.

### THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

IN the commercial world there is no improvement. The goods offered by auction (for want of the ordinary private demand) have been mostly taken in, or parted with at reduced prices. Discounting is still more difficult; overdue bills are continually increasing; and the failures in Lancashire are daily becoming more numerous. English manufactures, produced through the reckless advances of the Joint-Stock Banks in the summer, and exported on speculation to America, are now, it appears, being shipped home again; and the rate of exchange between the United States and England has fallen to a point that will again renew the exportation of gold from this country. If, while the bullion in the Bank was gradually decreased from ten millions to five millions, the Directors reduced their circulation only from eighteen millions to sixteen millions, it is not to be expected that they can now see their store of only four millions and a half drawn upon without resorting to some stronger measures for protection. The contraction of the currency must be more severe and continuous. The prices of produce must fall still lower before the foreigner will cease to inundate us with goods, and allow the value of our exports to rise above our imports.

An extensive failure in the silk trade occurred on the 20th instant. Sugar gave way 1s. 6d. per cwt. A large quantity of produce has been offered for sale during the month, but only a small portion could be disposed of, though reduced prices were generally submitted to. The markets of every description are becoming more languid, and so great is the difficulty in obtaining accommodation, that a half per cent. commission is charged to get even a London banker's acceptance discounted at five per cent. The Bank has no intention to continue their advances upon the deposit of securities; and, to curtail the demand upon it for discounts, it is expected the Directors will immediately advance the rate of interest to six per cent. It is quite clear that they ought to have reduced their circulation considerably to effectually stop the exportation of gold; but it is as plain that an attempt to do so would have produced a crash among the other issuers of bank-notes which would have recoiled on the Bank of England by drawing every sovereign from its chests. And again, as often as the Directors endeavoured to lessen the circulation, they were counteracted by the reckless increased issuers of the Joint Stock Banks. Some decisive steps must, however, now be taken, for the Foreign Exchanges are turning decidedly against this country.

### PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 28th of January.

#### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 206 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols 89 five-eighths.—Three per Cent., Reduced 90.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 98 one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 18 to 22 p.—India Bonds, 15s. p.

#### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent., 48.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 seven-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 25 three-eighths.



**MONEY MARKET REPORT.**—In the first week of January very little business was done in the money market; and the advance occasioned by the interposition of the Bank to sustain the credit of the country bank paper has been well maintained. The fall in the price of commodities was stayed, but commercial credit was at a low ebb, and the discounting of bills a matter of great difficulty; capitalists preferring investments in Exchequer Bills to the risk of discounting at high interest. The premium on Exchequer Bills crept up to 25s. in consequence of the avidity with which they were sought for temporary investment; because, when a decline of 2 per cent. occurs in the Three per Cents. the alteration in the value of the above securities seldom exceeds one-half per cent. The liability of Exchequer Bills to be paid in at the Government offices for taxes, if not paid off at par at the end of a year from their date, keeps these securities nearly stationary. The appearance of the Exchanges is rather encouraging, but no material change has occurred.

In the second week the contest between the speculators for a rise in the price of public securities and those for a fall terminated woefully for the latter. Two heavy failures occurred, and the adjustment of many other accounts has been postponed till the next settling-day, the 23d of February. Consols for the Account advanced from 90½ to 91, in consequence of the anxiety of the losing party to buy Stock ready for delivery, and on Friday Stock was so scarce that a person holding 10,000*l.* Consols, and lending the same till the 23d of February, might have had the use of the value in money during the interim for nothing, and 11*l.* into the bargain.

Towards the latter end of the month, owing to the temporary stoppage of Esdaile's long established bank, there was much confusion in the Money Market, and the funds fell 1½ per cent. Indeed, a general reformation of our monetary system it seems no longer possible to postpone, if we have regard to the safety of the country. Some powerful measure must be brought forward, or shortly all estimation of value will be a mystery, and no one know whether he possesses property or not. No one thinks about the share market at present. The above was the price of the funds on the 27th.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM DECEMBER 20, 1836, TO JANUARY 20, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

*Dec. 20.*—J. Mould, Newgate Street, cheesemonger.—T. Ball, West Street, Soho, victualler.—I. Alexander, Chiswell Street, Finsbury Square, horse dealer.—H. P. Perkins, Enfield, Middlesex, ironmonger.—G. T. Ferrers, King Street, Hammersmith, bedding manufacturer.—J. C. Smith, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, upholsterer.—J. Woollett, Gould Square, merchant.—J. Levick, Sheffield, Yorkshire, ivory merchant.—T. W. Clarke, Horn-castle, Lincolnshire, innkeeper.—S. Dutton, Bury, Lancashire, innkeeper.—R. G. Clode, Birmingham, wine merchant.—W. Hart, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, milliner.—T. Stockdale, jun., Liverpool, soap manufacturer.—E. Bathorp, Wakefield, Yorkshire, woolstapler.—W. Pollard, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, printer.—H. Chard, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Cattaral, Liverpool, merchant.—R. Prince and F. Eichman, Manchester, stuff printers.—J. Richardson, Watlington, Norfolk, carpenter.—J. Turner, Heywood, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.

*Dec. 23.*—J. I. Dickeson, Fish Street Hill, ship owner.—S. and B. Dickinson, Manchester, cotton waste dealers.—R. Barker, Manchester, druggist.—J. Phipson, Birmingham, military ornament manufacturer.—S. Gainer, Kingswood, Wiltshire, dyer.—W. Charnley, Liverpool, merchant.

*Dec. 27.*—E. Mathews, Lad Lane, silkman.—R. Witherby, Nicholas Lane, merchant.—T. Marshall, High Street, Whitechapel, cheesemonger.—J. Nicholson, Southampton Court, Holborn, carpet bag manufacturer.—M. Fowler, Bushey, Hertfordshire, cattle dealer.—P. J. Bedford, Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, music seller.—S. Douglas, Robinhood Lane, Poplar, omnibus proprietor.—J. Platt, Barland, Cheshire, cheesefactor.—J. Booth, Portsea, Southampton, working jeweller.—J.

W. Haythorn, Manchester, cotton thread manufacturer.—J. Elliott, Derby, carrier.

*Dec. 30.*—G. Green, Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, coach builder.—S. Thompson, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, tallow chandler.—T. Hargraves, Manchester, innkeeper.—C. Milsom, Stapleton, Gloucestershire, licensed victualler.—J. Stout, Liverpool, bootmaker.

*Jan. 3.*—1837.—J. Bragg, Sharp's Wharf, High Street, Wapping, builder.—C. and C. Coles, Great Tower Street, West India brokers.—E. Delvin and J. Peoples, Liverpool, woollen drapers.—B. Brown, Staverton, Wiltshire, linendraper.—R. Jones, Bontvane, Carmarthen, farmer.—H. J. West, Bath, music-seller.—E. Hill, Burstem, Staffordshire, mercer.—S. Hiley, Liverpool, soap manufacturer.—R. Rose, Devizes, cheesefactor.

*Jan. 6.*—R. Carruthers, Lower Thames Street, wholesale cheesemonger.—O. Thomson, London Wharf, Hackney, coal merchant.—D. Longsdon, Castle Street, Southwark, Surrey, skinner and fur-cutter.—S. P. Rice and P. Rice, Addle Street, warehousemen.—E. Dowling, King Street, Tower Hill, grocer and tallow chandler.—J. Shotten, Lamb's Conduit Street, job-master.—J. C. Edwards, Hertford Street, May Fair, bill broker.—W. B. McPherson, Rosemary Branch Tavern, Hoxton, victualler.—J. B. Gill and W. Smelt, jun., Manchester, merchants.—T. Jones, Liverpool, provision dealer.—J. Morris, Stone, Staffordshire, boot-maker.—J. Walton, Halifax, cloth-dresser.—S. H. Slack, Manchester, surgeon.

*Jan. 10.*—J. S. Massett, Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, stockbroker.—J. Cooper, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, painter.—J. Consens, Printhead, Sussex, merchant.—J. Maguire, Liverpool, merchant.—A. Cockburn, Carlisle, grocer.—J. Marsh, Liverpool, timber merchant.—O. de L. Ward, Manchester, com-

mission agent.—W. Woodhall, New Town, Staffordshire, chain-cable manufacturer.

Jan. 13.—C. G. Webb, Long Lane, Bermondsey, woolstapler.—W. Monckton, Tonbridge Wells, Kent, grocer.—A. Ramuz, Frith Street, Soho Square, cabinet maker.—G. Daniel, Thanet Place, Strand, bill broker.—J. Gainer, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, ink manufacturer.—S. Dumbell, Liverpool, saddler.—J. Green, Liverpool, grocer.—L. Harlow, Hulme, Lancashire, builder.—J. Swanwick, Leigh, Lancashire, silk manufacturer.—G. Godber, Liverpool, woollen draper.—J. McIntyre, Manchester, floor cloth manufacturer.

Jan. 17.—R. Rolling, Watling Street, cheesemonger.—E. Bryant, George Yard, Lombard Street, merchant.—G. Daniel, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, perfumer.—W. A. Barttelot, Regent Street, perfumer.—C. Bean, Long Acre, coachmaker.—J. G. and H. Wimble, Maidstone, wharfingers.—T. Fowler, Market Deeping, Lincolnshire, butcher.—J. Laing, Great Tower Street, city, cork-cutter.—W. B.

Harrop, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, timber merchant.—W. Cooper, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—H. Fiske, Watton, Norfolk, grocer.—T. and W. Noblet, Manchester, corn merchants.—G. Dixon, Manchester, woollen cloth manufacturer.—B. Williamson, Middleton, Lancashire, iron founder.—J. Wright, Manchester, merchant.—W. Knowles, Hyde, Cheshire, cordwainer.—J. W. Buchanan, Liverpool, stave merchant.

Jan. 20.—W. Matthews, Sherrard Street, Golden Square, victualler.—P. M. A. Rougier, Wood Street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer.—W. Pott, Bridge, Kent, carpenter.—G. Losh, Bristol, provision merchant.—E. Jones, Bristol, oil and colour merchant.—E. Jones, Lewin's Mead, Bristol, alkali and soda dealer.—M. Smith, Liverpool, druggist.—R. Hubbersty, Liverpool, baker and flour dealer.—R. Campbell, Deritend, Warwickshire, brass founder.—R. Whittingham, Liverpool, flour dealer.—J. Harwood, Birmingham, share broker.—H. Evans, Paddington, Lancashire, soap boiler.

### MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude  $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$  N. Longitude  $3^{\circ} 51''$  West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	39-34	29.79-29.65	N. b. W.	1,	Cloudy, a shower of rain in the morning. [day.
24	35-26	29.74-29.60	N.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, snow during the
25	31-23	29.72-29.65	N. b. E.		Clear till 9 A.M., cloudy, snow in the morning.
26	32-25	29.61-29.53	N.E.		Cloudy, snowing all day, wind boisterous.
27	33-27	29.67-29.52	N.E.		Cloudy, snowing from about 8 A.M. till 4 P.M.
28	34-24	29.86-29.79	N.E.		Cloudy, a little snow in the morning.
29	32-22	29.95-29.91	N.E.		Cloudy, snow at times.
30	33-23	30.04-29.97	N.E.		Cloudy, snow at times.
31	30-20	30.30-30.16	N.		Cloudy, snow at times.
1837.					
Jan. 1	34-25	30.40-30.37	N.		Morning cloudy, with snow, otherwise clear.
2	33-26	30.29-30.28	S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	40-28	30.22-30.19	N.W.		Generally clear, except the afternoon.
4	36-24	30.25-30.20	S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
5	37-29	30.10-29.85	S.		Cloudy.
6	47-35	29.61-29.57	S.W.		Cloudy, raining at times during the day.
7	42-33	29.79-29.54	S.W.	.1	Generally clear.
8	37-25	30.15-30.04	S.W.		Generally clear.
9	48-31	30.09-30.07	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
10	49-41	29.84-29.69	S.W.	.05	Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
11	33-20	30.08-29.98	N.		Generally clear.
12	36-19	30.06-29.65	S.		Cloudy, a little snow in the afternoon.
13	49-29	29.53-29.34	S.W.	.225	Cloudy, rain at times.
14	39-30	30.10-29.82	N.W.	.15	Generally clear.
15	38-26	30.28-30.25	N.		Generally clear.
16	37-26	30.22-30.20	S.W.		Cloudy, snow in the morn. and rain in the even.
17	43-31	30.19-30.16	N. b. E.	.025	Cloudy, a little rain in the morning.
18	29-33	30.08-30.10	N.W.	.025	Cloudy, rain in the evening.
19	39-30	29.89-29.80	N.E.	.025	Cloudy.
20	37-30	29.71-29.64	N.E.		Cloudy, snowing at times during the morning.
21	43-33	29.59-29.54	S.	.025	Cloudy, a little rain during the morning.
22	51-37	29.41-29.25	S. b. W.	.0125	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

\* The sudden and great fall of the thermometer on the morning of the 2nd, has not been equalled since February 1830; the rise on the same day was even more rapid.

## NEW PATENTS.

William Sneath, of Ison Green, Nottinghamshire, Lace Maker, for his improvements in producing embroidery, or ornaments in muslins, silks, and certain other fabrics. November 28th, 6 months.

A. Stocker, of Bordesley Iron Works, and H. Downing, of French Wall's Iron Works, both of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gentlemen, for their improvements in manufacturing rivets, screw-blanks and other articles. November 29th, 6 months.

D. N. Carvalho, of Fleet Street, in the city of London, Bookseller, for certain improvements in propelling or moving vessels and other floating bodies on water and carriages on land, which improvements are applicable to windmills and other purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 3rd, 6 months.

R. Armstrong, of Stonehouse, Devonshire, Doctor of Medicine, for certain improvements in the water-pressure engine, rendering it more generally applicable for raising water and other substances, and as a motive power. December 3rd, 6 months.

M. Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for machinery for, or method of generating power applicable to, various useful purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 3d, 6 months.

J. Corbett, of Richmond Place, Limerick, Ireland, Professor of Music, for certain improvements in producing harmonic sounds on the harp. December 3rd, 6 months.

J. Perkins, of Fleet Street, in the city of London, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, furnaces, and boilers, parts of which improvements are applicable to other purposes. December 3rd, 6 months.

G. Sullivan, of Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for measuring fluids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 3rd, 6 months.

H. Booth, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Esquire, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of railway tunnels to be worked by locomotive engines. December 3rd, 6 months.

T. Don, of James Street, Golden Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in preparing and drying grain seeds or berries, and for manufacturing them into their several products, which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes. December 3rd, 6 months.

W. Bryant and Edward James, of Plymouth, Devonshire, Merchants and Co-partners, being of the people called Quakers, for improvements in the manufacture of liquid and paste-blackening, by the introduction of India-rubber oil, and other articles and things. December 3rd, 2 months.

W. Hancock, of Windsor Place, City Road, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in bookbinding. December 7th, 6 months.

H. Adcock, of Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, Lancashire, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the raising of water from mines and other deep places. December 9th, 6 months.

F. B. Zincke, the younger, of Crawford Street, Marylebone, Middlesex, Esquire, for the preparing or manufacturing of a leaf of a certain plant, so as to produce a fibrous substance not hitherto used in manufactures, and its application to various useful purposes. December 9th, 6 months.

S. Pratt, of Peckham Rye, Surrey, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of knapsacks, portmanteaus, bags, boxes, or cases for travellers. December 9th, 6 months.

L. W. Wright, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for bleaching linens, cottons, or other fabrics, goods, or other fibrous substances. December 9th, 6 months.

John Yates, of the parish of St. Anne, Limehouse, Middlesex, for certain improvements in tram roads, or railways, and in the wheels or other parts of carriages, to be worked thereon. December 9th, 6 months.

George, Marquis of Tweddale, for an improved method of making tiles for draining soles, house tiles, flat roofing tiles, and bricks. December 9th, 2 months.

J. Melling, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-engines, to be used upon railways or other roads, part or parts of



which improvements are also applicable to stationary steam-engines, and to machinery in general. December 15th, 6 months.

R. T. Beck, of the parish of Little Stonham, Suffolk, Gentleman, for an invention of new or improved apparatus or mechanism for obtaining power and motion, to be used as a mechanical agent generally, which he intends to denominate "*Rotal Vivae*." Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 15th, 6 months.

W. Sharpe, of the city of Glasgow, in North Britain, Merchant, for a certain improvement in the treatment of cotton wool in preparation for manufacturing the same into yarn and thread. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 15th, 6 months.

R. W. Swinburne, of South Shields, Durham, Agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of plate glass. December 15th, 6 months.

J. T. Hester, of Abingdon, Berkshire, Surgeon, for an improvement in the manufacture of chairs. December 15th, 6 months.

T. Routledge and Elijah Galloway, of Water Lane, in the city of London, Gentlemen, for certain improvements in cabriolets and omnibusses. December 19th, 6 months.

T. E. Harrison, of Whitburn, Durham, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive engines. December 21st, 6 months.

A. Smith, of Princes Street, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Westminster, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of standing rigging and stays for ships and vessels, and in the method of fitting or using it, and in the construction of chains applicable to various purposes, and in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing such rigging and chains. December 21st, 6 months.

J. Crighton, of Manchester, Lancashire, for a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of cylinders used in carding engines employed for carding cotton wool, silk, and other fibrous materials. December 21st, 6 months.

J. Potter, of Manchester, Lancashire, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in spinning machinery. December 21st, 6 months.

J. Swindells, of Manchester, Lancashire, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the process of effecting the decomposition of muriate of soda or common salt. December 21st, 6 months.

G. Houghton, of High Holborn, Middlesex, Glass Merchant, for a certain improvement, or certain improvements, in the construction of lamps. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 21st, 6 months.

S. Gillett, of Guildford Street, Gentleman, and J. Chapman, of Paddington, Mechanist, both in Middlesex, for certain improvements in that description of vehicles called cabs. December 21st, 6 months.

W. Gossage, of Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, Chemist, for certain improved apparatus for decomposing common salt, and for condensing and making use of the gaseous product of such decomposition; also, certain improvements in the mode of the conducting of these processes. December 24th, 6 months.

B. Woodcroft, late of Ardwick, in the parish of Manchester, Lancashire, but now of Mumps, in the township of Oldham, in the same county, Gentleman, for an improved mode of printing certain colours on calico and other fabrics. December 24th, 6 months.

*Married.*—At St. Luke's Church, Liverpool, Charles Hadfield, Esq. to Elizabeth Ann Cossley, cousin-german of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, and the eldest daughter of Thomas James Hall, Esq., now sole Stipendiary Magistrate for Liverpool, and for several years his Majesty's Judge-Advocate-General of Jamaica, where he also sat in the Hon. House of Assembly for the parish of St. John in that island.

At the Church of St. Roch, at Paris, General the Baron Athalin, Aide-de-Camp to the King of the French, to a young lady, twenty-two years of age. The Baron had long been reported to have married her Royal Highness Madame Adelaide, sister of Louis Philippe.

At Oakley Park, Suffolk, the Right Hon. Lord Henniker, of Major House, to Anna, daughter of Major-General Sir Edward Kerri-son, M.P.

*Died.*—We regret to announce the death of his Grace James Duke of Montrose. His Grace was in his 81st year. He married, first, Feb. 22, 1785, Lady Jemima Ashburnham, daughter of John Earl of Ashburnham, who died Sept. 17, 1776; and, secondly, 24th July, 1790, the Lady Caroline Maria Montague, eldest daughter of George, fourth Duke of Manchester, who survives his Grace.

The Dutch papers mention the death of M. Van Tets Van Gondriaan, the Finance Minister.

The Hon. W. F. Ponsonby, Member for the county of Dorset, Basingstoke.

At her house in Privy Gardens, the Dowager Marchioness of Exeter.

At Bromley Hill, on the 15th inst. the Right Hon. Lady Farnborough.

Of apoplexy, the Right Hon. Lord Audley.